Volume VI Chicago, Ill., December, 1929 Number 9

The Liberal

Christmas

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young.
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the holiest have trod,
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are children of God.

—Phillips Brooks.

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The Peoples Church

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THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor
Application made for Entry as Second Class Mail at the Post Office of Chicago, Ill.

Volume VI Chicago, Ill., December, 1929 Number 9

MEDITATION

Spoken On The Sunday Morning The Sermon in This Issue Was Delivered. Stenographically Reported.

Infinite and Eternal Truth, we would this morning, from the very depths of our being, send out to every heart, visible and invisible, an opportunity and a contact by which those who are experiencing the program of life in terms of intense difficulty might find great significance in this service today. We stand here and visualize them. We see them everywhere, under all conditions, all about us; and the vision which we have of them today settles down upon our shoulders, rests upon our heart with great travail and with great beauty.

Can't we so be in touch with the eternal standards of symmetry, of unity, of perfection, that out from the service there may go a note of music, there may go the words of a song, there may go a phrase from the lips of the speaker, there may go in the power of the silence to some of these handicapped folks that which will give them encouragement and stability.

We would be this morning the medium of restoration. We would be the channel through which might flow a sense of values and a depth of purpose that will revitalize, relight, rekindle a glowing flame in the heart of every defeated and handicapped person; that the joy and the thrill and the beauty of life might be recaptured for them.

We greeted the morn as the sun broke through the eastern sky, like the opening of a great furnace door, and it thrilled us to the depths of life; but there are those that have no sun today; there are those that have no peace. There are those who this moment are in such anguish and turmoil and difficulty that all is confusion about them. There are those that may be walking the floor in the presence of their radio at this moment in the tragedy of desperation. Quiet them. Still them. May they summon all the energy and the dignity of personality, and may they be quiet and may they be considerate.

All this week we have had brought to our attention again and again and again the awful tragedies which come from hasty action, the awful tragedies which come from selfishness, the awful tragedies which come from a lack of mastery and control.

And so this morning, may there emanate from the pulpit of this church, from the choir-loft of this church, from the hearts of the congregation, a great stabilizing influence which settles us and quiets us; that we might see life whole and see it truthfully. May every heart and life in the environmental influences of our morning together face the issues, face the facts; and may those facts take on new significance in the light of truth and the vision of beauty.

Linger gently, Infinite and Eternal Heart; linger gently. Tarry softly about the bedsides of all our dear friends and all who are ill and all who are worried. Restore hope where hope has departed. Increase courage where courage is gone. O, we would give today all of our being, body, mind —all of our selves, that those who are battling in great array against defects and handicaps might be strengthened. Teach us; help us; and may we find our own way just because we have tried to help others to find their way.

HEROES WITH A HANDICAP

Delivered In The Peoples Church of Chicago, Sunday Morning, Nov. 24, 1929. Stenographically Reported by Mr. Elmer Heggen.

The subject which I have announced to speak on this morning, "Heroes With a Handicap," has rather of an interesting history to me. Practically all of the subjects which I speak about here in the Peoples Church come from experiences, suggestions, intimations or conceptions which I have of the difficulties which surround people. With the hope that perhaps I might make some little contribution or in some of them there might be found some intimate suggestions that would have the distinctiveness of personal appeal. I am never more highly complimented than when someone after a service comes to me and says, "Doctor Bradley, I had the feeling this morning that you were only talking to me, that you knew my specific problem, my specific difficulty and that everything you said seemed to me to re-echo out of my own experience."

It is comparatively easy for one who has the responsibility which is mine from week to week to generalize in certain particulars about many things, and through those generalizations to give off sweeping deductions or observations. It is quite another matter to feel individually and personally stricken with the difficulties and problems of individuals, not as members of society, not as citizens of a country, not as units of some vast integral, but to think of people as units, to think of people as identities, for after all we are identities before we are social things. So in the selection of my sermons here from Sunday to Sunday, I like, if it is at all possible, to so individualize my treatment of them that out of the richness and the barrenness as well, of my own understanding and experience I am able to say something which definitely specifies some problem or difficulty which is within the range of my listeners as individuals; because, after all, this life, and all there is to it is living upon the plane of our individual selves and their relationships to the larger environments, after all, every re-action is an individual re-action. After all, every hope is an individual hope. After all, we are finally and forever, permanently, identities with our limitations of the physical plane upon which we function; but we are individuals.

I am hoping that this winter as the winter progresses that I may make an increasingly beneficent contribution to the solution of your individual difficulties; that every one of you who honor me and dignify this place by your attendance can leave feeling that not as a citizen of Chicago merely, not as this and not as the other, but as you, as the identity of the personality which is your self may feel that for you, and as you, there is a specific and definite value in what little offering I may be able to make.

There is a corollary associated with that attitude, a corollary that makes the sense of responsibility a tremendous burden for one who willingly assumes the effort to say and to do that which will make a contribution of encouragement to individuals who are insufficiently and poorly equipped for the highest expression of life. The accumulated demands and the accumulated concentration of difficulty and of trouble, pouring them upon the heart and shoulders of one man brings an accumulated psychological reaction that compels me under pressure of it to continually ask

for your assistance and your sustenance that I might have strength, that I might have mental clarity, that I might have perfect expression for being the medium of attempting this problem.

To have thousands of people looking to you and asking of you and demanding of you that you be the one to answer their problems is an accumulated burden that without your contant encouragement I could not stand. There are psychological factors also involved in this matter; and so I want every one of you to know as individuals that it is my ambition and it is my ideal and dream that no matter what problems you may bring, no matter what cares you may have, no matter what worries you may have, no matter what a muddle of life you have made that I will make every effort I can in my way that I can to help you in this common struggle we are all making —to make life something excellent and something beautiful.

The burdens have been many this past week, accentuated by the the weather and its condition. I have received, (only an infinitesimal fraction of it is upon the desk this morning) letters from all over the Mississippi Valley in which people have unburdened their hearts to me and unburdened their troubles and their difficulties and have heaped on me a sense of necessity that I should do something about some of these things and about some of these conditions. They have ranged all the way from one who wrote me asking me if I wouldn't give my own re-actions, based upon my observations, upon the problem of spiritualism; asking me to spend time and energy in straightening them out on the problem of spiritualism. All the way from that to the demand that I secure for them positions and get work for them. I think I have probably had fifty letters this week from men and women demanding that I do something for them in finding them positions. They write to me and I am glad. If I only knew how to meet these demands not a single one of them would go unanswered or unrelieved.

You people who come here Sunday after Sunday and sit in the beauty of this beautiful auditorium and listen to our music and listen to the sermons have very little realization sometimes of what is back of it all, what is back of all the visible and tangible things that seem so obvious and so comfortable. I get the heart-throbs of the breaking hearts all about us. I get the tragedies, the failures, the mistakes, the dangers.

One day I have a man and his wife upon each side of my study desk in the throes of domestic tragedy. The next moment there is a man ushered into my office, walking into my office depressed, defeated, with a pistol in his hand determined that suicide is the only way out for him. The next moment there comes a young man, a victim of all sorts of psychosis and neurotic conditions and who speaks of the terrible tragedy of his life. Then the disastrous remorse eating away at the soul of some young girl who feels she can never look womanhood in the face again and that motherhood is a remote possibility.

Then there are all of these handicapped folks, handicapped! How am I to meet them, my friends? There isn't a person in this audience this morning who has one one-hundredth of that demand which is placed upon me. I sometimes visualize you in your lovely homes, by your firesides, in your offices, with your motor cars, your sense of security, your wealth—some of you—all the things that make life a unified expression of happiness.

Then I have the other side, and sometimes if I am too tense and sometimes if I am too radical, I want you to know that it is because I have only one purpose in

my ministry, and that is that I might be a medium, a channel through which ugliness by the alchemy of the Infinite might be stricken into beauty and that tears might have their deeper meaning realized, and that broken hearts while they may leave a scar may never bleed the soul to death, and that people who have deliberately wasted, dissipated, squandered and thrown away life might still have enough of the remnant life, the remnant of life, at any rate, to experience before the final fall of the curtain of the play to experience enough of life to realize it is not a wasted thing; and that in this remnant of life that is life, they might be able to find an embellishment of the soul, that in the evolution of that soul in those far-off vistas of eternal character they may find in that process that which they never had in life.

Well, we all have handicaps. I suppose there is not an individual in this large congregation who does not feel that he possess some handicaps. I know I do at times. I have within me a tremendous and permanent streak of envy when I see things being so superbly done in my own profession that I feel a great sense of defect in myself. There are certain speakers that I go and hear speak and I come away with such a feeling of depression, I come away with such anxiety and worry, I go back to my study and I say to myself: "I will never attempt to speak again." That is the way it effects me. They just make me feel that I never ought to think that I should go into the pulpit again because of the degree of their excellency. That is a handicap to me. It always has been a handicap.

Each of us has his little individual handicaps that we feel handicaps us in the fineness of life; but that is not the kind I am talking about today. That is not the kind I have got in mind at all. The handicaps I mean are handicaps, real handicaps, the kind of handicap that the blind Handel had and the blind Milton; the handicap that Beethoven had; the handicap of Robert Louis Stevenson and John Keats, both of them suffering from the wasting disease of tuberculosis; the kind of handicap of the man who wrote that remarkable essay on Man, Alexander Pope, who was so deformed in body that he was laughed at frequently by the unthinking and unfeeling; the handicap of that cripple, Steinmetz, who has given to the world the most marvelous penetration and study of electronic energy comparable only to the great Edison himself; the handicap of that great writer Fielding, who wrote "Tom Jones" while in a fit of melancholy.

It has been an interesting thing to me to understand that some of these people in the midst of their greatest handicaps rose above them, just in the brilliant power of sheer rising they rose above these handicaps. While Florence Nightingale gave the world some of her most remarkable work while she was bedridden and could not rise from her bed. But of all who were physically handicapped to me that remarkable man all the more remarkable because his handicap usually means permanent social ostracism, his was the handicap of insanity—Clifford W. Beers was his name. He was confined in an insane asylum as a young man and was held there until he was pronounced cured in middle age. Clifford W. Beers came out of that insane asylum and he went out to the people determined to give his life and all he had to work for an amelioration of conditions of the insane. He dedicated his life. He as a patient had known what the suffering and the anguish was—and what greater suffering or greater anguish is there?—not in the abandonment of the mind. not in the mind's feeling that insanity, not that; not the consciousness of insanity; that is not the targedy. The tragedy is when

those inevitable flashes of sanity returned. Insane people do not consciously suffer violations of their own personalities. It is in the moment the flash, perhaps a moment at dawn as they waken, perhaps a flash during a meal, perhaps just before sleep, perhaps at some entertainment or concert or something prepared for them in the institutions; but psychiatrists and men who know, tell me that the horror of insanity is the consciousness in sanity that there are insane moments.

Clifford W. Beers, himself a victim of insanity, went out and organized the American Institute of Mental Hygiene and is today the secretary of the American Institute of Mental Hygiene. He has done more in that institution to change the conditions under which insane people live and operate than any other one agency in the world. He faced the world with insanity; and he rose above it.

Then I think of that genius that will interest Mr. Flandorf, our organist — Schumann. Schumann wanted to be a great artist upon the piano, and because of his early practising he so injured his right hand—something that I suppose would be considered almost impossible by parents who try to get their children to practise upon the piano—but Schumann in his practicing so injured his right hand that he was forever prevented from becoming a great technician on the piano. He was never a great pianist. He never could have been. And because of the principle of compensation, a principle that I want to call your attention to, he rose above his apparent misfortune. Every time I lose one of my senses a compensated effort is made by nature to give an added acuteness to all the remaining senses. That is the principle of compensation.

A blind man will hear more than a man who can see. A deaf man will see more than a hearing man can see. Nature has the principle of compensation in our handicaps. The thing which a handicapped does is always to force concentration and specialization. Every individual with a handicap this morning is by necessity forced to be a specialist and because it is necessary for them to specialize in certain programs of life that principle of compensation leaps to their assistance. That is what happened to Robert Schumann. Mr. Flandorf probably knows, although I have never heard him play it, but probably he could, and you who know the piano know there is a composition called, "Portrait" that can only be played by the left hand. Do you know where that composition came from? The composer who had promise of being a great pianist in an accident lost his right arm and he devoted the remainder of his life to the study of composition of music that could be interpreted only with the left hand. He wrote his name high amongst all the composers of the world because of his ability to reason that matter out.

All about us then are these handicapped folks. I visualize them this morning listening to me; I visualize. And it only came to my information last night that Mrs. Aspinwall, the mother of one of our men associated with Station WJJD, up in Fort Alkinson, Wisconsin, has been blind for thirty years and sits in front of the radio and is sitting there now, sharply and mentally acute and keen to every interest and beauty of life.

There is a member of this church that has been blind for years and he is one of Chicago's outstanding pianists, Mr. Cave Thompson. Blind for years! And the other day when I took an elevated train to go to the "loop" I saw Mr. Thompson on the train. I went over and I said to him: "How are you Mr. Thompson?" Quick as a flash he turned back to me and said, "I am very well, Doctor Bradley. How are you?" I have never spoken to that man

in my life when he didn't return immediately the knowledge of who was speaking to him.

What do you think happened? I forget everything as a rule, and when I am on a bus or an elevated it is not at all unusual for me to go three or four blocks beyond where I am supposed to get off. And most anything is liable to happen with me in the irresponsible manner that I roam about when I am loose. But I got on the train and I sat with him. I wanted to get off at Madison Street. He was going to his studio and was going to get off at Quincy. I think. He said, "Where are you going to get off?" I said, "Madison Street," and then I dismissed the matter so far as I was concerned. Then very soon he nudged me and said, "Doctor Bradley, this is where you get off." And the man is blind!

This afternoon, speaking at our afternoon forum is to be one of the most brilliant men in our city, Morris I. Levin. And Mr. Levin is blind. He is one of the finest minds I know. I remember how thrilled I was listening to one of the matchless orators of the South, Senator Gore of Oklahoma, a man who went to the United States Senate blind. Senator Gore has not seen a thing for years and years and years—blind! And yet he went to the United State Senate.

Probably the most classic illustration of all is the illustration of Sir Arthur Pearson, himself a blind man, who wrote that remarkable book that I wish every blind person could have read to them. If you want to do something really nice for Christmas send to some of your blind friends that remarkable book "Victory Over Blindness." Sir Arthur Pearson taught all the blind soldiers of the World War in hospitals all over, the art of being blind.

I suppose this will interest some of you golf players like Mr. Anderson and Mr. Slack who think they are golf players; at any rate this will interest you to know that one of the best golf players in the United States is blind. Probably most of the rest of them are too. But this is an actual physical condition; actually blind. When he was asked the other day how he played golf, being a blind man, he said, "I play golf with my feeling and not with my sight." And he enunciated a little golf philosophy that I think is true in all golf. "I play golf with my feeling." And he gets all the thrills imaginable when he makes his drive and comes to where the ball is lying to have told to him the distance of his drive. Blind!

Of course there is no greater hero or heroine, probably, in the world than Helen Keller; not only blind but deaf; not only deaf but speechless. Close your eyes a moment and in the silence try to imagine what it would be to you to never see, never hear, never speak, and then think of what it meant to overcome her handicaps. How it indicts us! doesn't it?

Then I made a list. I am going to conclude this morning by referring to that list. I made a list of men and women, only a very small list it is, compared with the list that might be made, but I made a list of men and women who at some time in their lives it had been pronounced upon them the sentence of death with an incurable disease, most of them tuberculosis. The first name, Paganini; the great musician. Shelley, the great poet; Leigh Hunt, John Keats, Elizabeth Browning, St. Francis of Assisi, and that poet of the piano, Frederick Chopin, who died at thirty-nine and whose body is buried there in Pere La Chaise in France, whose heart was taken out and sent back to his beloved Warsaw in Poland. That poet pianist rose above it all to give to the world incomparable songs. David Thoreau, Artemus Ward.

Here is the thing that strikes me so strangely sometimes: In life the line between tragedy and

comedy is not sharply drawn. It never is. It always seems a great inexplicable paradox that Mark Twain, the man who made countless thousands in the world smile, and who wrote his name as high in American literature as almost any man who lived, should die of a broken heart. And Artemus Ward—when you people get fed up on the flippancy of modern contemporary humor with its appreciable cleverness and its only slight tendency to subtelty, read Artemus Ward. Nobody ever reads him, I suppose, any more. But I never think of Artemus Ward but I think of his first night in London, when he went over on the other side to lecture for the first time. This tall, angular Western spirit in the Music Hall of London, where he was to lecture, he walked out on the platform in a poorly fitted dress suit. There isn't anything that looks worse on a man than a poorly fitting dress suit. But Artemus Ward walked out on the platform in this dress suit, and he was introduced by the Chairman. He walked down to the edge of the platform twiddling his thumbs. And not a sound from the audience. They just looked. One woman in the front row whispered to another: "Why doesn't the fool begin to say something?"

He stood there for a few moments and in the stillness, not a sound, and knowing the value of pauses, as does every artist, he paused a few moments and then he said in that Western drawl: "Ladies and Gentlemen, After this unseemingly interruption ceases I shall begin my lecture." And the audience stood as one man and shouted and laughed. He won them. Artemus Ward handicapped with a life of ill-health, but he rose about it.

America's sweetest singer in some respects, Sidney Lanier; England's great empire-builder, Cecil Rhodes; America's great baseball hero, Christy Mathewson, went into game after game warring with tuberculosis. That tragic poet, that tragic artist, Aubrey Beardsley. And a man now who will interest you business men. Do you know that Roger Babson, who is an authentic reporter and a fine delineator of American business conditions has been literally fighting death since early manhood? Everything he has done he has had to do overcoming an incipient tuberculosis. And do some of you writers know that Will Irving went to Leland Stanford instead of Harvard at the same time Hoover worked as a laundry clerk to pay his way through, and Will Irving went to Stanford because he was tubercular.

And you dramatists, do you know that Eugene O'Neil never wrote a line of a play until he was upon a sick bed suffering from tuberculosis? Not a line! We are to see "A Strange Interlude" this week. Those of you who know Robert Louis Stevenson and Keats, know their handicaps. Why, you haven't any idea of the number of men and women in this world who were handicapped, that to lesser lives and hearts would have meant defeat, but to them they turned their handicaps into victories. The world is full of them. What excuse is there for you and for me? Why do we ever whine or cry? Why do we ever complain?

I could stand here from now until night and rehearse for you the names of men and women who have come up under great difficulties, with their hands off, without arms, without eyes, without hearing, with polluted blood. I think of that man, my friend; I have known him twenty years, Albert Edward Wiggam, who wrote those two books, "Fruits of the Family Three," and "The New Decalogue of Science." I knew Albert Edward Wiggam when after he would leave a platform from a lecture he would be desperately ill. I saw him go up and down America speaking night after night. And in 1923, on

top of all that that Albert Edward Wiggam has done, he is going blind, and there are great long periods in his life today when he has to spend hours and hours with his eyes bandaged to keep out the horror and pain that come from light. That is Albert Edward Wiggam! And Albert Edward Wiggam has done more to popularize the great scientific, psychical, biological, chemical and physiological aspects of our civilization than most any other writer; and he has done it down through the years ill and suffering with his eyes.

You think when you see a man stand in the presence of a crowd and do things in masterly ways — you don't know the background; you don't know the suffering; you don't know how that man may be summoning every ounce of his being in order to stand there; you don't realize that the world is being made by men and women who are all of them heroic but all of them with tremendous handicaps.

To you handicapped folks who are listening to me today, those who have written to me this week, that paralytic who hasn't moved for the past three years, that blind mother, you folks that are listening, let me say to you, "Don't give up! Fight the thing that your handicap challenges you to do, and do that thing though you are broken in body, soul and mind." Remember that to me the most tragic picture I know about is the picture of the Lamb household, the household of Charles Lamb. I think of Charles Lamb. I see him with that old and infirm and helpless father. I see him with that paralytic mother who can't walk; with Mary Lamb. Tragic Mary! I listen to him as he writes Coleridge: "Oh, my friend, last night Mary suddenly became violent and took her own mother's life with a butcher knife before I could get it from her hands." And I see Charles and Mary Lamb walk down the highways of the years together; just as William McKinley walked with that lovely wife who was the subject of that strange malady and how in the presence of a crowd McKinley could detect the coming of that condition upon her face. Once I saw him in the City of Canton place a silk handkerchief over her face and gently lead her from the reception, knowing she was to have one of the seizures.

Oh, the heroes that are in the world! And I see Charles and Mary Lamb walking down the highways of life and then Mary says to Charles, "Hold me, hold me!" and soon Mary Lamb—poor insane Mary Lamb—is far off into a strange fit of madness; but all the time, sweet, lovable Charles Lamb enriched the literature of the world by writing — if he had never written another thing, the thing that would have lived; Charles Lamb wrote "Dream Children."

My friends, turn these handicaps into victories. Don't admit you are defeated. Don't admit you are defeated! Don't admit you are defeated!! Don't let life defeat you. Your head may become bloody; your body may become beaten, but God, hold your head up; keep it unbowed and let the blood flow, but make it flow from a face that is turned skyward instead of earthward and you will make life count.

Everyone interested in the aims and work of the church is invited to make a regular subscription to its support. Such subscriptions may be paid on a weekly, monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual payments system, in accordance with the convenience of each individual. Application for subscription blanks or weekly envelopes may be made in the church office. The church office is open every day during business hours.

BOOK CHATS

Following my usual custom I use the Book Chats for the December number of The Liberal in making my selection from the most worthwhile books published during the year drawing to a close.

Beginning in November and running until a few days before Christmas I receive many requests for suggesting books suitable for presents. It is a hazardous enterprise to suggest a book unless one is unusually familiar with the literary taste and interest of the recipient. A book can be just as definitely a misfit as a hat, gloves, or a pair of shoes. One must know rather intimately the one to whom the book is to go.

There is no more endurable and gracious present to one who ardently loves books than a book. The problem of what to give me for Christmas simply does not exist in our household. I would be entirely satisfied if Santa Claus brought me nothing else! A book from a loved one or a friend has a lasting charm and a perpetual delight which lingers long after the tinsel of Christmas packages has been forgotten in the oblivion of flames.

In presenting a book please remember one suggestion I am presumptuous enough to make. Do not give the book with only a card of presentation. If your affection is deep enough to present someone you love with a book be sure and add to the personality of the gift by an appropriate and intimate expression written in the book itself. I frequently take a book from my shelves for reference or re-reading and memories are born anew as I glance at the inscription. Perhaps I read an abiding sentence of love and esteem which recalls other days and hearts. Nothing makes "Christmas last" like a well chosen book.

I am making a selection in this article of two of the very best books according to my point of view which have been published during the prolific year of 1929. Obviously, so limited a selection is exclusive as well as inclusive. In making the selection I have sought to cover the general headings of publishing classification. Here they are:

American Fiction

The Wave—by Evelyn Scott, published by Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith.

Peder Victorious—by O. E. Rolvaag, published by Harper.

British Fiction

The Village Doctor—by Sheila Kaye-Smith, published by Dutton.

Wolf Solent—by John Cowper Powys, published by Simon & Schuster.

Foreign Fiction

The Captive—by Marcel Proust, published by Boni.

All Quiet on the Western Front—by Erich Maria Remarque, published by Little, Brown.

Biography and Memoirs. British and Foreign

Queen Elizabeth—by Katherine Anthony, published by Knopf.

Ibsen. The Master Builder, by A. E. Zucher, published by Holt.

Biography and Memoirs, American

Myths After Lincoln—by Lloyd Lewis, published by Harcourt, Brace.

Emerson—The Wisest American — by Phillips Russell, published by Brentano's.

American Poetry

The Black Christ and Other Poems—by Countee Cullen, published by Harpers.

Selected Poems—by Conrad Aiken, published by Scribners.

English Poetry

Pansies — by D. H. Lawrence, published by Knopf.

Gold Coast Customs and Other

Poems—by Edith Sitwell, published by Houghton, Mifflin.

Philosophy and Religion

The Nature of the Physical World—by A. S. Eddington, published by Macmillan.

Essays—by Seventeen Doctors of Philosophy of the University of Chicago, published by Open Court.

Travel and Description

The Last Home of Mystery — by E. Alexander Powell, published by Century.

Slaves of the Gods—by Katherine Mayo, published by Harcourt, Brace.

History

Human History—by J. Elliot Smith, published by Norton.

The Overland Trail—by Agnes C. Laut, published by Stokes.

New Editions and Translations

The Anatomy of Melancholy — by Robert Burton, published by Floyd Dell and Paul Jordan Smith.

The Works of Leo Tolstoy—In course of publication, by Oxford University Press.

Criticism

Criticism in the Making—by Louis Cazamian, published by Macmillan.

The Meaning of Culture—by John Cowper Powys, published by Norton.

Public Affairs

The American Experiment — by Bernard Fay in collaboration with Avery Chaflin, published by Harcourt, Brace.

The Labor Injunction—by Felix Frankfurter, published by Macmillan.

Belles-Lettres

The Motives of Protens—by Jose E. Rodo, published by Brentano's.

Three Essays — by Thomas Mann, published by Knopf.

Science

The Thinking Machine—by C. Herrick, published by University of Chicago Press.

The Story of Evolution — by Benjamin C. Gruenberg, published by Van Nostrand.

Chicago Authors

A Hoosier Tramp—by Samuel A. Harper, published by the Prairie Club.

Chicago: The History of Its Reputation — by Henry Justin Smith and Lloyd Lewis, published by Harcourt, Brace.

Drama

Seven Modern Comedies — by Lord Dunsany, published by Putnam.

Dramatic Works, Vol IX — by Gerhart Hauptman, published by Viking.

Music

Beethoven, The Man Who Freed Music—by R. H. Schauffler, published by Doubleday.

Brahms—by Walter Niemann, published by Knopf.

Songs and Ballads

"Sound Off"—Soldier Songs — by Edward Arthur Dolph, published by Cosmopolitan.

Drawn from the Wood—by Frank Shay, published by Macaulay.

—P. B.

PULPIT MEMORIAL FLOWERS

For the past three years the flowers which have beautified the pulpit platform on Sunday mornings have been given by friends and members of the church as expressions of appreciation or in memory of loved ones. This custom has become a fixed one in the church and will continue this year. From the beginning Mrs. Georgia Russell has been chairman of this committee and has given loyal service. Will those who plan to give flowers for the services this year get in touch with Mrs. Russell? Her address is 5025 Winthrop Ave., and her telephone is Sunnyside 6610.

"THE RED CHRISTMAS CANDLE"

By Grace Thayer Bradley

Gus had planned every night for over a week to go to the village the next day, but when the next day came and the wind was still blowing a gale from the northeast, he postponed the ten mile trip across the frozen lake, covered with snow several feet deep, and hoped for better luck on the morrow.

Time was when he'd square his shoulders and face the fiercest storm with head erect, it only quickened his Norseman's blood and thrilled him with enjoyment. But he was not as steady on his skis as he once was; he was getting on in years—no one knew how many—but his head was crowned with silver like the snows of many winters reflected there. His closely cropped moustache was also white, he kept it well trimmed and his chin clean shaven, for Gus was as neat in appearance as he had been when he came from Sweden, a stalwart youth, six feet tall, as lithe of limb and firm of muscle as any man in the north woods of Minnesota. He had given up his life in the lumber camps the past few years and become Winter caretaker for some of the Summer cottages on the shores and islands of the large lake upon one end of which faced the Village.

Gus lived alone in a small cottage on an island owned by a Chicago Preacher; in the middle of the island was a larger cottage, where the Preacher and his family spent the summers. Gus took care of things during their absence and chopped huge piles of wood which in the spring resembled barracks to a fort. The "folks in the big house" as he sometimes spoke of them, were very fond of the old man and furnished him with many little comforts to help pass the long winter months pleasantly. A Radio had been installed in the little cottage, and this, in that altitude practically brought the world to his feet! He heard music rendered by the best orchestras, speeches by politicians from the President to Jimmy Walker. He listened to lectures on many topics, heard drama, opera and the latest nonsense. Got the weather reports and heard the headlines and feature articles read from the city news papers, and he knew when his big clock on the wall was losing or gaining a second by the time signals. And not least of the "radio miracles" was Sunday mornings, when he could sit in his little cabin, reverently quiet, and hear the Master of the Island —the Preacher whom he could call friend — broadcast his services from the big Church, seven hundred miles away! Gus said he wouldn't want to live without a radio.

As it was, he was perfectly contented and comfortable. He laid in his supplies in October for the winter and only went to town once or twice from that time till the ice went out in the spring. There were other caretakers here and there about the lake and lumbermen in the woods. They liked to stop in to chat with Gus, to have a meal of his excellent cooking, and incidentally to listen to his radio. Whenever any of them up his way went to town they brought back his mail and magazines, and that was all he ever wanted anyway—so what was the use of his going? But since December came in he'd been thinking a lot about Mat Barnard and Buddie. Mat's wife, Nan, had died in September and this would be their first Christmas without her. He had spent Christmas day with the Barnard family ever since Buddie was born six years ago Christmas Eve, Gus recollected. Here it was

the day before Christmas again, and he must not fail them now. He'd go to town no matter what the weather and get the pep'mint candy cane for Bud and a picture book, some cigars for Mat and himself to smoke after dinner, and a good piece of fresh meat, and he'd bring Mat and th' boy back with him for th' night and they'd have Christmas in his cottage, and he'd make a raisin pudding too! So rambled Gus's thoughts as he ate his simple breakfast of porridge and bread with a generous spread of gatsmilk cheese, and sipped his black coffee. Hurriedly putting his house in order—for Gus liked his humble home to be as tidy as tho' a woman lived in it, he started on the ten mile tramp on skis across the snow covered bays down the Lake to the Village.

Here in the solitude of winter's frozen dominion, broods an inexpressible peace and quiet o'er the lake and silent woods. A silence only broken when the wind on velvet pinions awakens the hallowed beauty and quiet of the primeval pines, and from their tops music floats forth on the crisp air like murmuring tones of an organ; or lashed to fury the wind sweeping the dry snow ahead of it for miles and miles, swirls and drifts it, screeching, screaming, whistling, crackling and crumbling dead branches, crashing an unsteady fir in the forest to the ground, its fall heard a great distance. And then as suddenly, quiet reigns again. Silence! Just —silence—with a hushed sense of solemnity over acres and acres of snow, as far as the eye can see, broken by dark trees rising out of the whiteness, and deep stretches of forest hemmed in by the fir-covered Northern hills. The snow, blue-white in its purity, has a crisp glistening crust and over it snow shoes crunch, leaving a trailing pattern behind them.

Gus preferred skis, accustomed to them since boyhood in the old country. He had not gone far this morning before Christmas, when he saw—still far off—a bobsled drawn by six dogs,—"huskies" from the lumber camp. A moving object may be seen a great distance across those fields of snow, so Gus began waving his arms and soon received an answering wave from the driver of the dogs. They met,—Gus and young Peterson with his dog sled, at what in summer is called the narrows, made by a point of main land and a large island.

Good natured Pete, as the boys called him, began talking to Gus while still several yards from him. "Bet you're goin' Christmas shoppin' Gus. So'm I! Jump on and git under the bear skin an' we'll be to town in no time!" Gus never wasted words, "Ye-ah"—he drawled in a way that intimated a whole sentence, then contnued: "Mind stoppin' at Mat's place 'round th' next bay? We can see if he'd like us to fetch anything 'sides his mail." "Sure we'll stop," acquiesced Pete. "I'm goin' to get a jim-crack for th' little fellow when I get to town, an' tell him old Santa sent it back! Poor kid—he'll miss his Ma. Tough luck on Mat, losing th' Misses!" The two men did not speak again until they drew up beside Mat's small green cottage, built close to a towering pine, whose lower boughs, heavy with needles, swept the roof, and looked like a great giant standing guard over the tiny home that needed protection!

The dogs sat or laid in the snow as soon as they stopped; clouds of frosted breath puffing like smoke from their panting mouths. Their pointed ears quivering and alert to catch the slightest sound, their large amber eyes seeming to take in the scene for miles around.

Mat, watching the approach of the sled, came to the door, almost pulled his friends in from the step, then quickly closed the door, that too much freezing air might not enter with them. The two men sensed something wrong by Mat's drawn face and lack of greeting.

Mat began speaking in a low tone, at the same time pulling his leather jacket. "The boy's sick. He's asleep now,—neither of us slept a wink last night, he coughed so. Thank God, you've come by. Gus, you stay, will you? I'll go to town with Pete and fetch Doc back!" Young Peterson went silently out, as Mat followed, Gus said "Ye-ah,—sure I'll take care, don't worry. But here — if you have to wait for Doc, go into John's and git a big pep'mint candy cane like I always git for Bud, an' a picture book, an' some cigars," drawing out a worn coin purse and handing some silver to Mat. " 'Right Gus, keep th' boy covered up!"

Gus closed the door softly, removed his coat, two sweaters, scarf and cap, poked the fire up a bit, then stood beside the bed for several minutes watching Buddie asleep.

(To be continued in next number of The Liberal)

THE AIM OF A LIBERAL CHURCH

"A man comes to say of certain things that are mysterious, of which he thought he knew, 'I don't know.' Then he allows himself to be labelled an 'Agnostic.' No religious life for him. Another man suddenly discovers the abyss of actual woe in the world, the evil that, for the present at least, is without remedy. He is called a 'Pessimist.' Another man looks to the right and to the left hand, and for the time he sees naught of God. The final word for him is 'Atheist.'

"Now we cannot have a free expression of what people from time to time are actually believing until we get over our fear of all such names. We must have faith that is wholesome enough and large enough to keep us from being afraid of our own thought. The fact is that we are continually mistaking the passing moods of the spirit for the finalities of thought. These moods through which we pass have been familiar to the most profoundly religious minds.

"Now the aim of a truly liberal church is to so free the mind that men shall talk together just as simply, as naturally, as fully, about the questions of religion as about the questions of everyday life, that there shall be one place where they may confer together, where a man shall be no more ashamed of expressing his doubt or his difference of opinion than he shall be of expressing his agreement."—Samuel M. Crothers.

The editors of The Liberal are desirous of giving each organization in the church all the publicity possible for their events. It would help most wonderfully if every organization would appoint someone to act as correspondent for The Liberal. The "dead line" for all articles is the last day of the month. There is no better medium in the church for the organizations. It is rather difficult for the editors who are leading very busy lives to do justice to societies or events when they are not given the information. Our little magazine has a large circulation and we welcome such action as has been started on the part of every organization in the church.

The Peoples Church desires to be a serving and helpful church. If you know of any cases of sickness, distress, or trouble where you think the attention of the pastor would help kindly call the church office. All engagements for the naming service, weddings, funerals or any other engagements must be made direct with the church office. The church office is open every day during business hours. It is closed on Saturday at noon. The telephone is Longbeach 6878. Mrs. Harrison, the secretary, will be glad to give information or attend to all engagements.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

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Sundays—10:45 A. M.

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Preston Bradley

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THE LIBERAL

Published monthly by The Peoples Church.
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Grace Thayer Bradley.....
..... Associate Editor
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..... Subscription Mgr.
941 Lawrence Ave. Long Beach 6878
Wm. Saunders ..... Business Mgr.
7028 N. Clark St. Rogers Park 0220
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REGULAR EVENTS

School of Religious Education - Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.
Woman's Club—Every Monday.
Men's Forum—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.
Young People's Club—1st and 3rd Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.
Church Trustees Meeting—Second Monday evenings.
Pastor's Cabinet — First Monday evening.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The pages have turned again to Christmas, and we pause in the rush of these busy days to look back as well as forward. The Woman's Club is having a remarkable year. All their work is moving along like a clock well oiled. The programs have been excellent, and there are more to come. Everyone seems to be trying to do whatever is asked of them, and to do it to the best that is in them.

The programs offered by the Educational Dept. are exceptionally good. Nov. 25 on the "Famous Women in Literature" program, Mrs. Elaine Murchee read a paper on Lelina Laugerlof and Sigurd Gudset. Mrs. O. Wonnack, a paper on George Sande, and Mrs. H. C. Roesch on Charlotte Anne and Emily Broute.

Dec. 2, A talk on Interior Decorating was given by Gene Sargant Paine, and on this program the music was specially meritorious, Mr. Meroff singing several numbers, accompanied by Mr. Robt. Metzler, an artist in his right. Dec. 9, the program offered "Famous Women in Music." Mrs. C. M. Whitaker gave a paper on Wanda Laudowska and Mary Garden. Mrs. B. Taylor read a paper on Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler and Rosa Raisa, and Miss Gladys Ulber one on Carrie Jacobs Bond and Ethel Laginska. In the afternoon of Dec. 9, after luncheon, Mrs. Elsa Goldie Young, a well known etcher, addressed the Club on the subject "Art in the Home." Dec. 16 Dr. Bradley gave before the Club and many guests one of the book reviews for which he is justly famous. He seems always to find so much more in a book than anyone else can see written there. He chose "Roper's Row," by Warwick Deeping, author of "Sorrell and Son," and one felt, as he gave it, it should be a first seller. Tea and cake were served following the program and the Club felt just pride in using their own new china and amber glassware. On this occasion a large picture of Wm. Elery Channing was unveiled and presented to the Club to hang in Channing Hall, by Dr. Bradley. The picture is handsomely framed and the frame was donated by Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Gairing.

The Bazaar was a glorious success, and has gone down in the Club history as the best one ever held by the organization. Over $2,000 was taken in during the two days and evenings, which will not all be profit, needless to say, as there is considerable expense to such undertakings. One thousand dollars was given immediately to the Church Trustees, making their hearts as glad as those who gave it!

The Woman's Club wishes EVERYONE a Merry Christmas, joining with the immortal "Tiny Tim" in saying heartily "God bless us,—everyone!"

THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON FORUM

The Forum meets every other Sunday afternoon in Channing Hall at 4:30. A controversial subject is discussed by an authoritative speaker and then three minute speeches are permitted from the floor. A question period is also an interesting part of the program. A supper is then served and those who desire may tarry in the Hall until the hour of the evening service. On the afternoon of December 8th, Mr. C. W. Allen, editor of "Home Government," the official publication of the Better Government Association of Chicago gave a very interesting address on "What is the answer to the present financial debacle in Chicago and Cook County?" The discussion was spirited with a great variety of suggestions. Judge Walker was present and took a leading part in the meeting. There was a large attendance, practically all remaining for the evening service. There is no membership in the Forum.

Attendance at the meeting constitutes membership. All are invited. A small guest fee of twenty-five cents used in defraying food expense is asked at each meeting. The church office will be glad to give information concerning future programs.

Elbert Beardlsey, Chairman.

THE SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

The Church School of Religious Education meets every Sunday morning at 9:30 in Channing Hall below the main auditorium. Classes are dismissed in time for teachers and pupils to attend the services of the church. Just now activities are centering on the Christmas program of the school. On Friday evening, December 20th, the school will present an original Christmas Play by Szari Zakely, a playwright and member of the Uptown Players of the Peoples Church. Rehearsals are in charge of Mrs. Roy Eddy who is holding frequent meetings. A very cordial invitation is extended to all members and friends of the church for the program. The plans promise the most auspices entertainment ever presented by the school.

The School of Religion has a thoroughly modern program of instruction in harmony with the best thought of a modern interpretation of religion. New pupils may be enrolled at any regular session. Faculty meetings are held once every month for the purpose of going over the work being done. Visitors are always welcome to the school. The children are taught an interpretation of religion which they will not discard or be compelled to discard as they come to the age of thinking for themselves about religious problems.

C. W. Denicke,
Superintendent.

THE LAYMEN'S LEAGUE

The League, because of the numerous affairs of the church, surrendered their regular meeting night on December 2nd to the congregational dinner held by the church. Their meeting for December will be held on the evening of December 16th. Dr. Lewis L. Convis, pastor of the Jefferson Park Congregational Church, will give his well known lecture on "My Escape from the Bolshevik." All men of the church and radio audience are invited. Dinner at one dollar per person will be served at 6:30 sharp to be followed by the address. The League is having a very successful season and the attendance at all of the meetings has been large. The League will meet once every month and always presents a program worthy of the consideration of all thoughtful men. All men who are interested in the program of the Peoples Church of Chicago are invited to membership. It is not necessary to be a member of the church to join the League. Some very interesting and significant programs are being arranged.

Dr. Milton B. Fitch,
Secretary.

THE RADIO AUDIENCE

The radio services broadcast by the Peoples Church of Chicago is making broadcast history for religious broadcasts. The response during the month has been the heaviest in the history of the church. After six years of broadcasting the interest is increasing every month. For the first time in the history of the church the services are put on the air in the evening as well as the morning. The broadcast of both services for the day amount to $250 and the visible audience and the church members are not called on for any of this cost. The appreciation of the listeners take care of the costs.

The first service to go out over WJJD at night resulted in letters from 22 states and 3 Canadian provinces. We heard from Weirsville, Florida and Weymouth, Nova Scotia and all over New England. Especially interesting letters from Massachusetts, Maine and Vermont. The response of hundreds of letters certainly reveals that the radio users are weary of the monopoly which orthodox religion has had on the air. Radio stations have been afraid of the liberal religious message. Now they are waking up to the true situation. Some of the 60,000,000 people who are not members of any Catholic, protestant or Jewish church but who are interested in religion are having an opportunity to hear something else on the air besides the trite, outworn, verbiage of orthodoxy. The Peoples Church is deeply appreciative of the response from the radio friends. Every letter is personally answered, and as far as is humanly possible every request is granted. If every listener knew what it meant to receive their words of encouragement and financial help even more would respond. We believe without any exception that this church has the largest regular Sunday to Sunday radio audience of any religious broadcast in the United States. We appreciate and love every one of them. The more letters to answer the better we feel. Every service in its entirety is broadcast. To all of our listeners we send Christmas thoughts of happiness and for the New Year increased measures of blessings.

NEW MEMBERS

The Peoples Church does not concentrate on receiving new members at long intervals or particular times during the year but welcomes members at any time. On the first Sunday of every month the members who have united with the church during the month are publicly received at the morning church service. On the first Sunday in December the following new members were so received:

Mrs. Marie M. Hebig, 5860 Kenmore Ave.

Mr. F. G. Kelley, Downers Grove, Illinois.

Miss Beverly J. Klepak, 6312 Glenwood Ave.

Miss Mary J. Klepak, 6312 Glenwood Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl T. Peterson, 729 Seward Ave., Evanston, (from Buena Memorial Presbyterian Church.)

Mr. Werner Siebert, 828 Leland Ave.

Mrs. Jessie Lea Wagner, 57 E. Chicago Ave.

A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

Every month during the year our church magazine—The Liberal—goes out to subscribers all over the country. Unlike most church magazines it is published twelve months in the year. The fact that it is subscribed too and not given away, as is so frequently the custom with church publications, gives it an added distinction. The magazine is made possible by those who advertise with us. Every dollar above the mailing costs goes directly in to the treasury of the Peoples Church. No one connected with the work of the magazine receives any remuneration from their services. We all consider it a part of the work of the church.

Each issue contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley which was delivered in the Peoples Church of Chicago. The articles by Mrs. Bradley have received favorable comment from all sources. The work of the church is outlined in every number and items of news value and interest are included. The magazine is an epitome of the life of the church.

By subscribing for the Liberal you increase the influence of the church and help spread the cause

of liberal religious thought. If you are a subscriber will you not subscribe for a friend? By sending one dollar and twenty-five cents the magazine will be mailed to any address anywhere in the world. If you desire to send the magazine for a Christmas gift we will send a beautiful Christmas Card of notification to the new subscriber. Kindly mail your subscriptions to Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison, subscription manager, Peoples Church, 941 Sheridan Road, Chicago. We will appreciate your co-operation.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES

The church resumed Sunday evening services on Sunday evening, December 1st, at 7:30. Last season was the first for these evening services. They extended until Easter night. So splendid was the interest and response that this year they are opening a month earlier. At a time when most churches are finding a difficult problem in the evening meetings and others abandoning them entirely it is a source of satisfaction that our people are asking for even more evening meetings. Nearly 1000 people attended the opening service. There will be no outside speakers and no efforts made to introduce any unusual features. The same order of service will obtain as at the morning services. The choir and Mr. Abernethy will be present every Sunday evening. The services begin at 7:30 sharp and last but one hour.

Members of the radio audience are being especially attracted to the services as it gives them an opportunity of seeing the church and meeting Dr. Bradley, face to face. Dr. Bradley holds an informal reception immediately following the service at which an opportunity is given all, who desire to do so, to greet him. Every section of the city and most of the suburbs are represented at every service.

SERVICES CHRISTMAS DAY 7:00 A. M.

The Peoples Church of Chicago will hold a Christmas Day service on Christmas morning at 7:00 o'clock. Ever since the church has had its new building this service has been held with increasing interest. Dr. Bradley will preach on "The Star and the Dawn." The Peoples Church Chorus Choir under the direction of Mr. Emerson Aberenthy will sing and Mr. Walter Flandorf will be at the organ console. The choir processional will begin promptly at 7:00 o'clock. The service will be broadcast by station WJJD. What more appropriate way can you begin the Christmas Day than by attending a beautiful service. A most cordial invitation is extended to all members and friends to attend this service. The Choir will render some old Christmas Carols. Let us have the most successful service we have ever held.

THE PASTOR'S CALENDAR

Dr. Bradley kept the following engagements during November:

1—Address, Milwaukee Dental Society Banquet

3—Sermon, Peoples Church

4—Cabinet Meeting

6—Address, Blaney Lodge. A. F. and A. M.

10—Sermon, Peoples Church

10—Address, Chicago Anthropological Society

11—Address, Hammond (Ind.) Chamber of Commerce

13—Address, Chicago and Cook Co. Federation of Women's Clubs

15—Address, Radio Station WSTP. Minneapolis

15—Address, Marion Ave. Church, Minneapolis

17—Sermon, Peoples Church

17—Sermon, Sunday Evening Club, Aurora

18—Address, Woman's Club

19—Address, Illinois Commandery. K. T.

20—Meeting, Lake View Hospital Association

24—Sermon, Peoples Church
24—Sermon, Jefferson Park Congregational Church
28—Sermon, Thanksgiving Day. Peoples Church.

Funerals

Nov. 4—Dr. Sanford Perkins, interment, Forest Home
Nov. 20—Mrs. Frank Bain, Interment, Oak Ridge Abbey
Nov. 22—Mrs. Rach T. Bundy, Interment, Montrose.

Weddings

Nov. 3—H. Carl Swiger and Winifred Buchan
Nov. 9—Carleton Gillispie Ferris and Marguerite E. Bourg
Nov. 9—Hayden Miller and Stell Olson
Nov. 16—Harry E. Rotert and Flora E. Cole
Nov. 21—Frank H. Moss and Eleanor Loomis
Nov. 27—Edward V. Sundt and Ruth G. Penning
Nov. 28—Jack R. Murphy and Gertrude M. Kanthek.

Christenings

Nov. 3—Edward Charles Kalm, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Kalm
Nov. 28—Roger Linn LeFaris, son of Dr. and Mrs. Brunell LeFaris.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Almost seven hundred paid attendants—the largest house ever to see an Uptown Players' production—witnessed the presentation of J. Hartley Manner's play "Happiness" on the evenings of Dec. 3rd, 4th, and 5th in the remodeled home of the Players in Channing Hall.

The appearance of Mrs. Preston Bradley with her deep understanding interpretation of Mrs. Wreay lent a touch of unusual artistry and brilliance to this, the second current production of the year. In her debut with the Players Mrs. Bradley played into the hearts of the crowd in the role of the forsaken old New England wife and mother, constantly living in the expectation of encountering her husband.

The thread of the story was carried with capability by Julia Sparling as Jenney Wreay, Edward Zabriskie, playing opposite her as the whimsical Irishman, Fermoy MacDonagh. The spontaneity of the scenes between these two maintained a state of constant interest and humor. Setting a sufficient background for this couple were Gertrude Needham, veteran Player, with her vivicious characterization of Miss Perkins, Arthus Eisendrath as Philip Chandos, Beatrice Jordan as the patron Mrs. Chrystal-Pole, and George Gairing, Jr., in the part of John Scowcroft.

The Adams children, Franklin and Jane, remarkably talented children contributed highly in the latter domestic scenes with a fresh touch of youthfulness. Minor parts were played by Helen Williams, newly returned from the stage run of the Players Drama-League winning vehicle "Smokescreen," Marion Schreiber and Francis Morrow.

The production was directed by James H. Griffin, director of the organization.

The January production of the Players will be a thriller—The Thirteenth Chair, — which has won wide favor on the professional stage. The play wll be given on the evenings of Jan. 21st, 22nd, and 23rd in Channing Hall.

The publicity committee of the Uptown Players under the head of Herbert Elfstrom has done some notable work in preparing and compiling a mailing list calculated to keep patrons of the group in touch with the work of the time. Mr. Elfstrom announces that any who desire to keep posted on current work of the group may submit their names to him for addition to the mailing list, whereon they will receive announcements of the coming activities of the Players.

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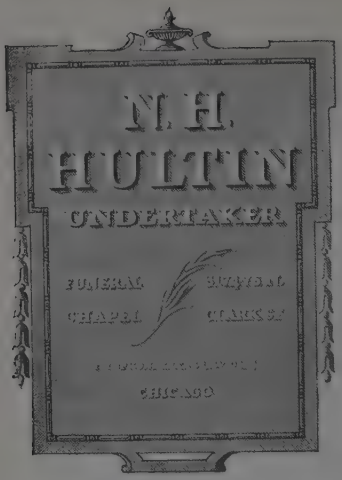

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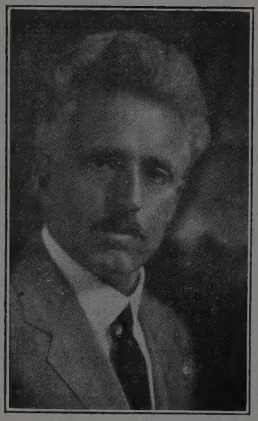

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